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POEMS
OF
LOVE AND FREEDOM
BY
FRANK TOBEY WINSLOW



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LOS ANGELES

POEMS
OF
LOVE AND FREEDOM
BY
FRANK TOBEY WINSLOW

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By Frank Tobey Winslow.

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To my friends, HENRY M. PIERCE and HARRIS F.
WILLIAMS, each learned in law and literature, I
respectfully dedicate this volume.

THE AUTHOR.

626048

PREFACE.

The foreword to a small collection of verses must needs be short, else the cart will come before the horse, and be larger; so in making this, my debut in the society of my readers, I should not do much more than make a bow, say a very few words, and retire.

I have little to say that has not already been said. I believe that while poetry should always express the idea, it should never sacrifice rhyme or rhythm, for the idea's sake. Thought is its father and music its mother, and without this union, the issue is illegitimate.

In some of the verses which follow, there may be a little of music, and in many, the expressions of the individual and not of the multitude, and yet if these expressions have come out of the heart of one who has experienced the heights and depths of feeling, they may be of some value to the reading public.

To feel deeply is to live fully, and to sing of what we see and feel and think, is, I believe, in most cases, better than to argue it out in lurid declamation or cold prose. If I shall have lightened one heavy heart, or let the warm, bright sun into the dark chambers of the soul of one man or woman, I feel I shall not have written in vain.

FRANK TOBEY WINSLOW.



SWEET MARIE.

- 1 Thy bright blue eyes entrancing
 With wit and mischief dancing,
 Sweet Marie,
 Their hypnotic beams enthrall me
 And completely do install me,
 Thy champion and thy knight,
 Till I'm sure I'm only right,
 If for thee!
- 2 Tell me, thou happy fairy,
 Why thou'rt so gay and airy,
 Gay Marie?
 Tell me if thou hast trouble
 And I'll prick it like a bubble
 That now floats in the air,
 And now it is not there,
 And thou'rt free.
- 3 When you seek your couch at eve,
 Pray hear me and believe,
 Kind Marie,
 That for you I'd risk my all,
 For you I'd fight and fall,
 And, pierced by Cupid's dart,
 Pour out the life-blood of my heart,
 All for thee!
- 4 If another thou dost love,
 If *he* thy heart doth move,
 Sweet Marie,
 Ah, then I wish you well,
 "Every daisy in the dell"
 Will nod its dainty head
 To approve of him instead
 Of poor me!

THE HOUSE OF COUSIN NETTIE.
— — —

From the Island of Manhattan,
From the acres of Chicago,
From the far-off land of Dixie,
From the happy homes about us,
Come the kinfolk, full of gladness,
To the house of Cousin Nettie
To renew association
To meet with hearty handclasp
The friends and kin so many
In this land of life and laughter
Far removed from haunts of commerce
Here in this quiet Northland.
In this life of toil and duty
'Tis good to save a moment
In the fleeting years that pass us
For such a joyous union
As the one that is before us.
Here we sink our vain ambition
And our striving with each other,
And think only of the instant
Fraught with fine and friendly feeling;
For when old and young together
Meet and join in happy converse
Draw from the past its treasure
From the present its happy outlook;
Shoot and parry shafts of humor
Shake their sides with hearty laughter
This is life and this is living—
And this is what we came for.
To you then, Cousin Nettie,
We dedicate this meeting,
Feeling surely that its spirit
Will preside a pleasant memory
O'er the happy life before you;
Trusting that its even tenor
And this clean and well kept mansion
May tomorrow be unruffled

As the feathers of a gosling
Or the waters of a mill pond.
But now, honest, we can profit
By your life so long and peaceful,
And from it draw one lesson,
The lesson for the future,
The lesson for the peoples,
The lesson of your lifetime—
'Tis that of Truth and Justice.
Now farewell, my Hiawatha,
With thy convenient metre,
Which I have lamely copied;
Back to the Ojibways!
Back to the laughing water!
Let us hope to meet in heaven,
If we *all* do meet hereafter,
And that the "many mansions"
Prepared for "those annointed"
May be as bright and happy
As the house of Cousin Nettie!

Watertown, N. Y. Sept. 9, 1905.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Gone from us who live
To join the Dead—He
Whose name was matchless in the world
Because of Knowledge, Courage and Power to do
Things of moment for Mankind;
He who wrought for all Humanity,
Leading all in thought and act
From craven cowardice up to where
They, too, like him, were fighters for the Right.
Oh, Roosevelt, how we shall miss thee,
Thy trenchant pen and clear-toned voice
Proclaiming human destiny!
There is none other to fill thy place
To bespeak the true America.
Only, as we, each one, repeat thy clarion cry
For Justice and Freedom to mankind,
Can we progress without thee.
This is our duty to posterity,
Since thy voice and hand are still in death
Else thou hast lived and wrought in vain.
Unless we, too, lead the strenuous life
And fight, as thou hast fought for Freedom and for Truth,
Our world will be a chaos
Of conflicting lusts for power and place
Destroying all ideals of the race,
And next, the race itself.
Let us then, be brave like thee
And dare to tell to all on earth
The truth about themselves in rugged phrase,
Smiting, like thee, their consciences,
So that, though thou sleepest forever still,
Thy virile voice and pen
Shall speak through us
Still left with life
The same bold thoughts for the weal of man
Thou spake so fearlessly!
Thou would'st have it so.

January 8, 1919.

THOSE WORDS OF IRE.

- | | | | |
|---|--|----|--|
| 1 | Those words of ire,
So hasty spoken
Of Love's hot fire,
Were but the token. | 8 | He's said his worst;
He does not hide
His anger's burst;
He has not lied. |
| 2 | For love, you know,
Is always jealous;
If 'twere not so;
He'd not be zealous. | 9 | Though what he shouts
He does not mean;
There are no doubts
His Love is keen. |
| 3 | The hypocrite
Is smooth as oil
<i>He</i> has no fit,
<i>He</i> does not boil, | 10 | And now he kneels
And begs your grace—
A look he steals
Of your dear face. |
| 4 | Because deceit
Becomes him better;
He fears defeat
To snap the fetter. | 11 | Oh, smile again,
My Sweet Marie,
Do not disdain
To think of me! |
| 5 | He does not love;
He cannot feel
The Power above
The heart's appeal. | 12 | So hard I'll try
To never pain you;
The world I'll buy
If thus I'll gain you. |
| 6 | He will not fight
For Love or Name;
He has no might
To carve his fame. | 13 | Those words of ire
So hasty spoken
Of Love's hot fire,
Were but the token! |
| 7 | Far better him,
Though hot and mad,
Who speaks with vim,
Words that are bad. | | |

THOUGHTS AT DUSK.
— — —

- 1 I sit alone in the gloaming,
 My thoughts are sad and drear;
 Back into the Past they're roaming,
 That Past which was full of cheer.

- 2 Across my mind come the flashes
 Of the sunshine of long ago;
 For an instant its radiance dashes
 Aside the memory of woe.

- 3 And then again comes the sadness
 Weighting my heart like lead,
 A truce forever to gladness,
 Ah, me! How good to be dead!

- 4 For where is the hope of the morrow
 When Love is fickle and cold,
 When the heart is humble in sorrow,
 When once it was joyous and bold?

- 5 Then my spirit leapt up in pleasure
 To do Love's terrible tasks;
 Then Joy was heaped in full measure,
 More Joy than any man asks.

- 6 Then the hours slipped by, all forgotten,
 In the glorious lethe of Love,
 Then rapturous thoughts were begotten
 With the fire that comes from above!

- 7 Then the night was day in its splendor,
 For all darkness was gone from the earth;
 Then Love was the valiant defender
 Of Happiness, Joy and Mirth.

-
-
- 8 But now Love is cold and forbidding;
Gone is the thrill of its power!
Oh, where is the pleasure of living
In this dark and miserable hour?
- 9 Sunk are my hopes and ambition;
Blasted the best aims of life!
Never will Joy have fruition,
Never will cease the strife
- 10 Of the irretrievable present
With the fading and glorious past,
Of the thoughts which were lovely and pleasant
With the thoughts which are to last!
- 11 Into my grave I will falter,
A wretch whose life has been lost!
Better choked in the throat with the halter,
Much less happiness cost!
- 12 Go on, bright one, in your glory,
Obscuring the gloom with your light!
Yet sometimes think of the story
Of the one you plunged into night.

MY HEAVEN.
— — —

- 1 Oh what can compare with the thrill of true love,
 As it tingles so full through the veins?
 They may prattle to me of the Heaven above
 My Heaven that legend disdains.
- 2 The Heaven for me is the bright kindling eye
 That outspeaks the pure soul within
 Let others gain Heaven when they pine and die,
 I'd lose theirs, mine but to win.
- 3 What Heaven is there like the wine of the kiss
 That love steals from the radiant cheek
 What rapture is there like the genuine bliss
 When Love pretends to a pique
- 4 And draws back so cunning and shy
 From the fire of the roguish lad's darts
 And pretends all further assaults to defy
 In this glorious battle of hearts?
- 5 Yet, let the poor wight start up to go,
 In love there's now no pretense
 The battle's o'er and vanquished the foe
 To that nameless feeling intense.
- 6 Now heart to heart they eagerly press
 And drink from each other the wine
 Of the lips and the eye, the throbbing caress,
 Sweeter ne'er came from the vine.
- 7 One moment they stand in a tremor of joy,
 The next they may part for all time;
 But *that moment* is gold all free from alloy
 That moment is Heaven sublime.

-
-
- 8 Of such I would my Heaven on earth
 Be composed in plenteous part,
 Away with the grinning folly of mirth,
 Give me the *thought* of the Heart!
- 9 That soul thrilling moment, dear one, came to me
 Last night ere I'd left your side
 In sooth 'twas then you set my soul free,
 'Twas then my apathy died.
- 10 O may that Heaven came oft to us both
 To set us free on the wing
 A truce to the Heaven of life-sapping sloth,
 The glove to its champions I fling.
- 11 The Heaven for me is the bright kindling eye,
 That outspeaks the pure soul within,
 Let others gain Heaven when they pine and die,
 I'd lose theirs, mine but to win!

THE DANCE.
— — —

- 1 No repining
 Floor a-shining
 Music's starting
 Now we're darting
 Here and there,
 Everywhere,
 Keeping time
 In a rhyme;
 Feet a-flying,
 Bodies swaying,
 Sorrow dying,
 All a-playing
 In the everlasting maze,
 In the iridescent blaze
 Of the dance
 In the palpitating whirl,
 In the vortex of the swirl
 Of the dance!
- 2 Holding tight,
 Guiding right
 Maidens fair
 Beauties rare,
 Strength a-wielding,
 Muscles yielding,
 Coming, going;
 Now so swiftly,
 Now so slowly,
 Till the groaning of the floor
 Moves us to waltz no more
 And sit out the last encore
 In the everlasting maze,
 In the iridescent blaze
 Of the dance;
 In the palpitating whirl,
 In the vortex of the swirl
 Of the dance!

3 Eyes a blazing,
 Love-thoughts raising,
 Warm hands clasping,
 Voices gasping,
 Voices whispering
 Tales of passion
 Till the music ceases playing
 And the morning light comes straying
 Now so faintly,
 Now so clearly,
 Through the shutters and the door
 And the town's slow-rising roar
 Tells us to play no more
 In the everlasting maze,
 In the iridescent blaze
 Of the dance,
 In the palpitating whirl,
 In the vortex of the swirl
 Of the dance!

4 Dawn a-breaking
 Limbs a-quaking,
 Duties fearing,
 Day appearing—
 Care receding,
 Joy a-speeding
 As we work,
 No duties shirk,
 As we're thinking, thinking, thinking,
 Of the glories of the night
 With pleasure so bedight
 Turning darkness into light
 In the everlasting maze,
 In the iridescent blaze
 Of the dance,
 In the palpitating whirl,
 In the vortex of the swirl
 Of the Dance!

Chicago, December 2, 1912.

THE CAPTURE OF THE DOC.
— — —

- 1 The Doc, he sez to me, sez he,
 I'm tired of single life,
 I'm going to hunt around and see
 If I can find a wife.
- 2 Now Doc was awful hard to please,
 He'd had so many chances;
 He just did love the girls to tease,
 And smite them with his glances.
- 3 They flocked around him thick and fast,
 These maidens of all ages,
 Those guileless, and those with a past
 With its many open pages.
- 4 But Doc, he was a wary cuss,
 He vowed no one could catch him;
 If you desired to raise a fuss
 You only had to fetch him
- 5 Right up near a blooming lass
 Who had a winning manner,
 The Doc'd simply let her pass,
 The Doc was from Urbana.
- 6 He knew a blessed thing or two
 About the wiles and graces
 Of girlyies vowing to be true
 With honest smiles and faces.
- 7 So Doc, he gave a stony stare
 To all these forward hussies;
 'Tis two it takes to make a pair
 And two to make all fusses.

-
- 8 So me to be a single man,
 The Doc, he bravely said;
 So catch me, woman, if you can,
 You'll only catch me dead.
- 9 Now, Kit appeared upon the stage,
 And smiled and won her way
 Right through the Doc's pretense of rage,
 And Kit, she came to stay.
- 10 She knew the Doc from childhood up,
 And loved him all the while;
 To Doc and Kit we drain the cup,
 They both have got some style.
- 11 The Doc, he was a willing slave
 To Katherine's love and look;
 He thought he'd be so awful brave
 And dodge again the hook:
- 12 But Kit, she took the hook, you know,
 And with it hooked the Doc;
 You all can see that this is so,
 They're anchored to a rock.
- 13 Now Kit, it's up to you, my dear
 To treat the Doc so fine,
 That you can read your title clear
 To Doc's far western mine.
- 14 And Doc, it's up to you to give
 To Kit for her affection,
 So that both of you may live
 In mutual predilection,
- 15 A goodly share of love and gold,
 Yet not too much you know;
 For without gold, love soon grows cold,
 The lawyers tell us so.
- 16 So here's a glass to Doc and Kit,
 A long and happy life;
 On Kit may sorrow never sit,
 Nor on Doc a heavy wife.

ALONE.
— — —

- 1 Alone, alone, alone; Love is dying, Love is dead;
 Away with sighing; away with dread!
 A stone, a stone, a stone they give me
 When I cry for bread!
- 2 Alone, alone, alone! My heart cries in despair!
 Away with high thoughts! Away with prayer!
 A bone, a bone, a bone, they leave me,
 And I sit and stare!
- — —

NIGHT AND MORNING.

- 1 Think not that my love is cold
 Because it's sad and pensive;
 'Tis when rash Cupid is too bold,
 'Tis then he's most offensive.
- 2 Because I do not fill your ears
 With empty repetition
 Of Love's bright hopes and Love's sad fears,
 Of Love's deathless ambition,
- 3 'Tis not because I love you less
 Than him whose talk amazes;
 There's more true love in one caress
 Than in vain words and phrases.
- 4 Let others couch their endless love
 In long and prosy story;
 Yet will this thy heart so move
 As the nameless glory
- 5 Of that Love that suffers long
 When no hope appeareth;
 Of that Love that leaps in song
 And no coolness feareth?

- 6 Tell me, girl, what is this power
 That loses me my head?
 That moves me at this midnight hour
 To start and leave my bed?
- 7 Is't not proof to you more sure
 Of a Love most deep,
 That this long night I must endure
 In a waking sleep?
- 8 And yet 'tis not the wakeful night
 My bursting heart regrets;
 But 'tis gay Cupid's mournful plight—
 That's why my spirit frets.
- 9 Yet now I'll stop and wait for dawn
 To bring me peace again.
 After night there is a morn—
 A rest from woe and pain.

— — —

- 1 All hail! This genial Winter sun,
 Set in its sky of azure,
 Sends all my night thoughts on the run;
 It is a morn of pleasure!
- 2 Its rays stream in my window bright
 And say to me in sorrow—
 “Arise, disperse the thoughts of night!
 There's joy in a tomorrow!”

MICHIGAN TO ONTARIO.
— — —

- 1 Down by the side of the inland sea
 I sit on a Sunday morn;
 My thoughts are roaming wild and free,
 But my hope is yet forlorn.
- 2 I think of the times of long ago
 When happiness was my lot,
 When sadness was an unknown foe
 And harsh care was forgot.
- 3 I look out on the tossing main,
 Resplendent in the sun;
 My eyes roam o'er the watery plain,
 I am looking for someone.
- 4 I'm looking for a maiden fair,
 Who, on a luckless day
 My tender heart-strings dared to tear,
 Took ship and sailed away.
- 5 Far out, where the sea-line meets the sky,
 Her ship I ceased to see,
 And now 'tis vainly that I try
 To bring it back to me.
- 6 The fierce, white sun obscures my sight
 And mocks me when I stare;
 Against my feelings I must fight,
 For she nor ship is there.
- 7 Far off by another shore she sits;
 Maybe she's thinking, too;
 Perhaps, before her vision flits
 The shapes of memory's view.

-
-
- 8 Perhaps, she also strains her eye
 For that she cannot see;
 Perhaps, her wits begin to fly;
 Perhaps, she thinks of me.
- 9 Ah, no! I'm too presuming, far;
 Another claims her thought;
 'Tis his name, flashing like a star,
 Whose love this maid has sought.
- 10 Tell her for me, ye whispering waves,
 Tell her, ye winged winds,
 He loves you, and the tempest braves,
 As on his sword he binds.
- 11 Ah, yes! We both will fight for you,
 My little girl, Marie;
 Oh, give us aught to dare or do,
 We'll do it all for thee!
- 12 We've severed many a friendly vow,
 Because of thy dear self;
 But we are firm united now
 And not by fear or pelf.
- 13 You have inspired us to aspire,
 You've set the shining mark;
 To you we humbly string the lyre,
 For you've aroused the spark.
- 14 That now again we boys are friends,
 Let those who know us swear;
 'Tis your kind face has made amends,
 Our friendship none can tear.
- 15 For, when our thoughts go flying back
 To the happy days of yore,
 No one can put us off the track
 That leads to joy once more.

- 16 Then once again let love have sway
 With its impartial will;
 Let's throw all fearful thoughts away,
 To friendship drink our fill.
- 17 Love whom thou wilt, sweet queen of earth,
 But know that this is true,
 And I speak not in mocking mirth;
 We, both of us, love you!
- 18 Carry afar, old Michigan,
 My message, sweet and low,
 To her, who sits in a distant land,
 On the shores of Ontario!

THE CARAVELS.

— — —

- 1 Reminders of the past,
 Three hulks are anchored fast
 In the lagoon;
 'Gainst the darkling shore
 Whence we pull the oar
 They seem from classic lore
 To have come.
- 2 The moon sends down its light
 Across the sheltered bight,
 Revealing all—
 The ancient caravels,
 The cozy, wooded dells,
 The lapping wave that swells
 Against the wall.
- 3 As we scan the decks
 Of these phantom wrecks
 With eager eye:
 Don't we seem to see
 That glorious company
 Which, so bold and free,
 Dared to die?
- 4 Though not meeting death,
 Far from their native heath,
 Still they dared
 The dark seas to breast,
 Nor did they ever rest
 From their lonesome quest,
 Ill prepared
- 5 For their journey blind
 Blown by the cruel wind
 That came from home;
 Till they leapt on shore
 Of San Salvador
 And to God did pour
 Glad welcome.

- 6 E'en now we see that one
 Before our search is done,
 Along the deck;
 Him whose spirit brave
 Brought them across the wave,
 Who taught them not to rave
 When all seemed wreck.
- 7 Ah, Columbus, for 'tis he
 That now we seem to see
 Looking grand;
 Thou art he who came
 Not for earthly fame
 But the wilds to tame
 To fairer land!
- 8 Alas! a hideous cloud
 Precursor of a crowd
 Hurtling up the sky
 Comes athwart the moon;
 Dark now is the lagoon,
 The storm'll be on us soon,
 Let us fly!
- 9 As we ply the oar
 Towards the wooded shore,
 We look back,
 Three ships are all we see;
 Where is that company
 So bold and gay and free?
 Alas! Alack!
- 10 'Twas but a phantom crew!
 They've took wings and flew
 With the storm,
 Back to their spirit land,
 Back to the golden strand,
 All the ghastly band,
 Safe from harm.
- 11 We too, take our feet
 Back to the dusty street
 With its roar;
 Leaving the caravels
 Rolling on the swells
 Of the wave that wells
 'Gainst the shore.

MY QUEEN.
— — —

- 1 She sits not on a throne of gold
 To rule and sway mankind;
She has not hoarded wealth untold,
 A fawning court to bind.
- 2 She does not wear the jewels rare,
 Bequeathed from every land;
Her pallid brow knows naught of care
 With its bewrinkling band.
- 3 She does not know the pomp and show
 Of a gay and glittering court;
She does not hear the mutterings low
 That make the feelings smart.
- 4 She has not at her beck and call
 A thousand cringing slaves;
No kinsmen, swift to plot her fall
 In secret woods and caves.
- 5 No cares of state perplex her mind
 And rob her lids of sleep;
For her no navies breast the wind
 Across the treacherous deep.
- 6 And yet my queen's not less a queen
 Though lacking crown and gold;
Her eyes alone have 'nough of sheen
 To make the coward bold.
- 7 By sweet and gentle words she rules
 All fortunate to know,
And not by precepts of the schools
 Laid down just "so and so."

- 8 And when she lightly trips along
 In mull and leghorn hat,
 He who'd not break out in song,
 Must blind be as the bat!
- 9 And when her blue eyes turn to mine,
 In soft and pleading gaze,
 Ah, then! What joy divine,
 What everlasting praise,
- 10 Can justice do to thoughts so true
 That leap gay in my heart!
 Alas, that there are words so few
 My feelings to impart!
- 11 Oh, may you never cease to reign
 Over my lonely life;
 For you each tingling nerve I'll strain,
 For you is all my strife!
- 12 Let others bow to queens by birth
 Who rule by gold and place,
 Who seek dominion o'er the earth
 With their decaying mace.
- 13 To none of these so proud I yield
 One jot of 'legiance vile!
 Let me stand out in open field
 And not in a defile!
- 14 And there, with my head upturned
 To blazing sun and sky,
 I shall have then the lesson learned
 These false queens to defy.
- 15 Then, by that ever-shining sun,
 Then, by that azure sky
 I shall plight my oath to one,
 For her to do and die!

-
- 16 And that one, sweet girl, then know
 Is no one less than you;
 Methinks I see you coming slow
 Under the sky so blue.
- 17 And now humbly at your feet I kneel,
 My love for you—how keen!
 Oh heed this heart of heart's appeal,
 My lovely, radiant queen.
- 18 Bid me arise, a valiant knight
 To do your service grand;
 Fill me with spirit for the fight
 As on my feet I stand!
- 19 And then I'll do a curious thing
 'Thout fear or false alarms;
 My sword and shield away I'll fling
 And clasp you in my arms!
- 20 And thus my lovely queen and I
 Will win the fights of life,
 And thus the devil's wiles defy—
 Be conquerers in the strife!
- 21 And yet to me you'll ever be
 The queen of my desire;
 My soul will mount aloft as **free**—
 Indeed it will mount higher.

HOPE IN DESPAIR.
— — —

- 1 Plunged am I in blackest woe,
 Darkness everywhere I go,
 Murkiness profound;
 Not a ray of heavenly light
 To disperse this hideous night
 Gathering round.
- 2 Groping blindly on and on,
 Hope and courage almost gone,
 Joy disturbed;
 Gone the sprightliness of mirth,
 Peace no longer on the earth
 For me perturbed.
- 3 Perish all my noblest aims
 Together with the lesser fames
 Of the crowd!
 No more I seek the laurel wreath,
 For me the only joy is death,
 My spirit's cowed!
- 4 Tell me, philosopher so cool
 Why you deem that man a fool
 Who stakes his all
 On the cards that speak of love,
 Love that comes from Heaven above,
 To retrieve his fall?
- 5 Ah, no! They are *not* fools
 To disregard the gab of schools
 And plunge in;
 Far better to have dared
 Than that thy life be spared
 For endless sin.

-
-
- 6 Yet, since I saw thee last
 Three whole days have passed
 Of dreary rain.
 In sooth, it seems to me,
 God's sympathy to be
 With my pain.
- 7 As these days were dark and drear,
 Bedewed with Heaven's tear,
 So profuse;
 That thus my hours have been
 Since you I last have seen,
 Swear my muse!
- 8 Yet the sky'll not ever weep,
 Mankind in woe to steep,
 There is a morn;
 And, in the radiant dawn
 Joy leaps up like a fawn,
 Love is born!
- 9 Oh, dispel this awful gloom!
 Give my tethered spirit room,
 Sweet Marie!
 Shine on my clouded heart
 Thy glorious love impart
 To poor me!
- 10 Then my spirit will arise
 When I gaze upon thine eyes
 Speaking love;
 Then naught shall curb my power,
 Then no dark skies shall lower
 From above;
- 11 Then, aided by thy might,
 I will win a future bright
 For us both;
 Men will speak our names with praise,
 This earth know grander days
 For our worth!

LOVE AND LAW.
— — —

“’Tis not to be,”
She said to me,
And quoted me the law;
“What’s law to me?
Love should be free;
I do not care a straw.”

“I love you true,”
She said to me,
And gazed at me so sweetly;
“Oh, then, why wait;
Oh, why be late
To yield to me completely!”

“By a rope I’m bound
Completely round;
The minister did tie it.”
“Two tied in one
Can be undone,
You’ve only now to try it.”

Life’s meant for love,
Best treasure-trove
For us poor stumbling mortals;
Why wear the chains?
Law, Love disdains,
And pushes through the portals

To a life of joy
Without alloy
It leads in reckless measure;
Why close your eye,
When you can buy
The best and highest pleasure?

Speak out your soul,
Mark out your goal,
 And run your race with spirit;
Come, cut your thongs,
Life to love belongs,
 And so, why need you fear it?

Come, come to me,
And then you'll see
 That life is all for lovers
So live and love
That Heaven above
 It's true ideal discovers.

And in my arms,
Away from harms
 You'll find true love eternal;
And in our Kiss,
And in our bliss,
 Our joy will be supernal!

**Lines to a Lassie from Ayr on Presenting
Her with a Copy of Burns' Poems.**
— — —

The Past is dark with thoughts of gloom,
I will not look upon it;
To retrospect would spell my doom,
And spoil this little sonnet.

My life is full of thoughts of joy
Of every kind and nature;
Which now all gloomy thoughts destroy—
I've found a lovely creature,

Who rouses hope and love and life
Through all my wakened being;
Who spurs me keener for the strife,
My fettered spirit freeing.

And you, dear Helen, are the one
Who's giving me this pleasure;
Never more I'll be alone,
Nor wanting love's full measure.

You've come to shine upon my heart,
And make it warm and tender;
For you I'll try to do my part
In being your defender.

Not that you need defense, my dear
For aught you've undertaken;
'Tis only to dismiss all fear
You'll ever be forsaken

By one who in his deepest soul
Has learned in truth to love you
Who's set you as his shining goal,
For there are none above you.

And now from me accept this book
Of Bobby Burns' verses,
And pray, dear, do not overlook
His love-thoughts or his curses,

But when you read them, one and all,
And on them ponder duly,
Remember me whose soul's in thrall
The one who loves you truly.

TO MY NEW FOUND FRIEND—NORMA.

- 1 Lovers may tell the old, old tales
 Of that which fills their hearts,
Lovers may plight the old, old vows,
 Cupid may shoot his darts
- 2 Piercing these hearts of woman and man
 Causing the utmost pain
Making the wounds that never heal,
 That leave an indelible stain.
- 3 A stain that ever lingering, stays
 Until the two are made one
Not even the bond that ties them secure
 Not even the radiant sun
- 4 Is able to rid their life of the blot
 Put there by the all jealous Boy
He laughs long and loud as he hides and he looks,
 For he who makes can destroy.
- 5 Oh no, as for me, away with this pest!
 Away with his arrows that sting!
Away with the havoc and wreck of his course!
 Away with the sorrows they bring!
- 6 For, looking above this travail and woe,
 This scene of love and despair,
My eyes rest upon a beautiful sight—
 A maiden exquisite and fair.
- 7 No love vows to her, so strong do I pour
 No hopes does she hold out to me
And yet in her eyes so honest and blue
 As the blue of the great wide sea—
- 8 I read the message, for which my heart yearns,
 The message of friendship and life
It comes to me almost broken in grief
 And all worn out with the strife,
- 9 And says, I think, if I read it aright
 “Do not break, do not bend
You have found, sir, in the midst of your night
 The best gift of God—A true friend!”

**LINES SUGGESTED BY A PAUSE AT THE STATUE
OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, IN
LINCOLN PARK.**

— — —

- 1 To thee, who sits enthroned in majesty
 Of bronze
 Here in the western world,
 Far from thy haunts of birth
 And plenteous life,
 Thine eyes turned toward thy
 Former home, we bring
 Our wreaths and homage.
- 2 On this beauteous day
 Aglow with spring's new light,
 A-quiver with the bursting
 Buds and blades, we of the
 Sordid west, pause at thy
 Figured shape, and bow in
 Reverence to thy royal mind,
 Illumining for all men since
 Thy earthly death, the firmament;
 To thee, and to thee alone we
 Kneel, Oh Shakespeare!

April 23, 1911.

PROSPECT.

— — —

- 1 On yester-eve thy thoughts turned back
 To the day of days for thee
 When thou and thy first love joined hands
 Under the nuptial tree.
- 2 Then all was bright and all was fair
 The future outlook grand
 It was then that thou wast indeed
 The happiest in the land!
- 3 The youth around so glad and gay
 Who helped to see you wed;
 Of these today some still are left
 And some are with the dead.

-
- 4 And him who stood so fine and strong
 And gave his vows so true
 He too has gone the lonesome road
 Without his girls and you.
- 5 'Tis right that on this wedding day
 You turn your thoughts back home
 And think so deeply of the past
 And brush away life's foam.
- 6 But now, my dear, the day has gone,
 Another day is here
 Another one now claims your thought,
 The dawn is bright and clear.
- 7 He comes to you and clasps your hand
 And looks into your eye.
 He whispers words of love and hope,
 The words that never die.
- 8 He tells you not to weep nor mourn
 Nor think more of the past,
 But only of the time to come
 Ah, yes, the die is cast!
- 9 No longer can we fight our fate,
 It's fixed it seems, though slow,
 That on some future glorious day
 When whispering breezes blow,
- 10 We too, may stand beneath the tree
 That makes for love and life
 And there to plight eternal vows
 To live as man and wife;
- 11 To live not selfishly for self
 But each for the other's joy,
 And the sun will shine and the world will laugh
 At our happiness without alloy.
- 12 Tonight it's you who comes to me
 Through spaces far between
 And fills me with these happy thoughts
 My own, my life's real queen!

TO THE ONE WHO BECAME MY WIFE.
— — —

- 1 To you tonight my feelings turn
 The chosen one of all;
 For you alone my heart doth burn,
 For you my senses call.
- 2 To hold you closely in my arms,
 That is my heart's desire;
 To gaze upon your many charms,
 And kindle passion's fire.
- 3 And yet 'tis not base passion's power
 That draws me near to thee;
 'Tis not the feeling of an hour,
 But of eternity!
- 4 The love that knits our souls in one
 Knows neither time nor space,
 Dan Cupid no one can out run
 In such an honest race!
- 5 Together we will climb the hill,
 The heights of peace and love—
 Yes, we'll not pause until
 The One who is above
- 6 Shall say to us at even-time:
 "Well done my faithful pair."
 Oh! This were happiness sublime
 Without a trace of care!
- 7 That day will come for you and me,
 If we deserve its joy,
 Oh, may our actions ne'er so be
 It's advent to destroy!

DOUBT.
— — —

- 1 In thy brown eyes gazing
 Is born a love amazing,
 Most intense;
 So that my thought goes ranging
 Never fickle, never changing,
 (No offense?)

- 2 To a sweet and gentle maiden
 With precious bounties laden
 Of face and form;
 Will she spurn my loving verses
 And meet my praise with curses
 In a storm?

- 3 Nay, do not treat me coolly
 Do not be unduly
 Vexed and mad!
 How can you so deny me?
 Will you still defy me,
 Me, so sad?

- 4 Sad for just a token
 Of esteem unbroken
 From your heart;
 Sad for your glance of kindness,
 To relieve the awful blindness,
 Of my part!

- 5 For I fear to play the lover
 And later to discover
 Another one supreme;
 On account of this I ask you
 'Tis for this I task you
 With this theme.

- 6 'Tis too true, your beauty
Has lost for me my duty
 To do right;
I think not of the sorrow
Of a dim far-off tomorrow
 In your sight.
- 7 I think you will not spurn me
And swift and quickly turn me
 From my course;
At least a hearing grant me,
E'er others swift supplant me
 By love's force.
- 8 Till then my heart is beating
For the joyous, gladsome meeting
 Of us twain
Till then I will be fearing
The fateful answer nearing
 With its joy or pain!

WHO AND WHAT IS SHE?

— — —

- 1 Pinker far than pink June roses
That a summer sun discloses
 To our view,
Are her cheeks of alabaster,
Where the color rushes faster
Than a truant from his master
 In a stew!
- 2 Bluer than the vault of Heaven
On a shining day at eleven,
 Are her eyes;
Whiter than the pearls of ocean
Are the teeth which claim devotion
Almost glowing with emotion
 Without guise.

-
- 3 Fairer far than Grecian maiden
 With languorous incense laden,
 Is her form.
 Bright as molten gold her tresses
 Which the glorious Sun-God blesses,
 Or the playful wind caresses
 In a storm.
- 4 Yet, 'tis neither forms nor faces
 With their thousand witching graces,
 That men love;
 'Tis the pure and gentle spirit
 That all the good inherit
 That wins the lasting merit
 From above.
- 5 And that she is so gifted
 That her beauteous life is lifted
 'Bove the crowd,
 Tell my muse, in wondrous story;
 Tell of her radiant glory,
 Tell, till thy hair is hoary,
 Be not cowed.
- 6 Tell of her generous nature
 How she loveth every creature
 That is born;
 How her happy wiles and graces
 Have wreathed in smiles our faces,
 Have made naught of serious cases,
 Of hopes forlorn.
- 7 Tell of it all at leisure
 Or tell in hasty measure,
 'Tis the same;
 What cares her truest lover
 So long as love can move her
 To write in skies above her
 His dear name.
- 8 For her he runs life's races,
 For her he'll win chief places
 In the strife.
 'Tis hers the soul that guides him
 So that whate'er betides him
 Always his time he bides him
 To know life.

THE KISS.

It was your lips of red
A' quiver with emotion
That lost for me my head
And gave you my devotion.

It was your willing eye
That made me seize your hand,
And timidity defy
So I could near you stand.

And as I bent my head
And brought yours close to mine,
All hesitation fled—
You were to me like wine,

Which, sparkling in the light,
Arrests my sober thought,
And makes my senses fight
As never they have fought.

And as your warming breath
Came mingling with my own
I cared no more for Death—
No more was I alone.

And as our lips did meet
In one long loving kiss,
What joy is more complete—
What is a greater bliss?

For a moment was I dead,
Dead to all but you;
Then all my senses fled,
Only my heart beat true.

And when we kissed once more
And many many a time,
Joy filled me o'er and o'er
And Happiness sublime.

Your Kisses were the draught
That set my Soul on fire;
Their liquor that I quaffed
These verses did inspire.

Oh, may they come to me
To cheer my lonely life
Again, as warm and free;
With them I'll win the strife!

DEATH.

— — —

The end of heart-beats, the stoppage of the breath,
The fading out of sight and taste and sound,
The sinking of the mind into unconsciousness,
A prelude to eternal sleep—
This is universal death.
Shall we again awaken on a distant morn,
A long drawn-out existence to pursue
In endless aeons of the maze of time,
Renewing the struggle for excellence,
Eternally with all the countless dead,
Enthroning Ambition beyond the grave,
Which often marred our earthly life;
Or, falling to the deadening plane
Of an unwieldy Socialistic State,
Where the greatest dares not outstrip the least,
Where not even Man is ruler, but where the mass
Lives, moves, acts, and rules in sickening unison,
Neither by Man nor by the People ruled
Our lives to be the same?

Or shall we rather sink to final sleep,
As reckless and uncaring for the act
As when at night we lay our weary frame
Upon a downy bed and glide away
To that dark and sweet oblivion,
Which was our natal heritage,
And which encompassed us when we were not,
For countless periods before our birth?
Having run with honor our life's full course,
Let us have eternal rest.
Of what use, then, is life to me,
A small and minute speck of time,
Snatched from the womb of Eternity?
Work half-finished, burdens and sorrows borne—
For these is there no recompense?
Kind deeds bring their own rewards;
Sorrows have their counterpart of joys;
Work, half-done, is finished by Posterity.
Ah! That's the stimulus for life,
That, each day, we strive our utmost here on earth,
Both draining for ourselves the cup of Joy,
And building for those to come an edifice
That neither Time nor Change can crumble nor dissolve,
But which shall stand, a shining beacon-light
To countless coming ages and hordes of men.
Knowing we have thus well and fully wrought,
When Time strikes with solemn tone the final stroke,
We can then drowse away into Eternity,
Glad of endless sleep.

January 30, 1909.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Oh, what are we coming to?
Oh, where are we going to?
When to drink or have drink is a crime!
When to drink soft drinks is sublime!
Oh, what are we coming to?
Oh, where are we going to?
Oh, what are we coming to?
Oh, where are we going to?
When some said Man was Divine,
We were fighting Beasts from the Rhine;
Oh, what are we coming to?
Oh, where are we going to?
Oh, what are we coming to?
Oh, where are we going to?
It remains for the clergy to tell
If we are all going to h—l,
Oh, what are we coming to?
Oh, where are we going to?
Oh, what are we coming to?
Oh, where are we going to?
Man is just as ready to fight
As when he first saw the light,
Oh, what are we coming to?
Oh, where are we going to?
Oh, what are we coming to?
Oh, where are we going to?
I'm sure I don't care a d— —n bit
So long as I make myself fit,
Oh, what are we coming to?
Oh, where are we going to?
Oh, what are we coming to?
Oh, where are we going to?
So long as we look for the Light,
So long as we fight for the Right,
Who cares what we are coming to?
Who cares where we are going to?

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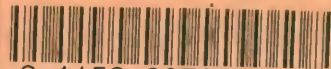
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